

IT MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

It was in the early summer when my love and I first parted. She the seaside sought and left me in the city broken hearted. I to wander through the summer, she on sea kissed shore to wander. But her last words gave me comfort, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Now I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me! As I read, it seemed that they a momentary breeze lent me. While she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, then bade me ponder. Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy." I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, withholding Lazie. Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her—"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'?"

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at the seaside tarried. Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married. And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face grew yellow—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—fonder of the other fellow!

—London Tit-Bits.

"FLIP."

It was midnight, and the temperature stood at 102 degrees F. in the upper room of a house in Limassol.

"Oh, dash it all, Villiers, that's the third time in the last 20 minutes! Finish coats for me tonight. Let's go onto the veranda. How hot it is, and how old Flip is snoring—quite apoplectic!" The speaker threw down his hand and passed his fingers wearily through his tumbled hair. His opponent, Villiers, pushed back his hair, with a yawn, and started drumming the devil's tattoo on the table, while the sleeper snored more apoplectically than ever, and he who had watched the fall of the cards finished off his drink and shouted:

"Vasili!"

"Sair!"

"Wake up, you child of a bondwoman, and bring me a large brandy and soda, with plenty of snow in it—the cleanest you can get—d'you hear?"

"Or right, sair."

The sleeper muttered in his dreams. "Poor old Flip—dreaming, always dreaming of that heartless Jezebel," said Villiers as the trio moved out on the veranda.

Then spoke he who had called for drink and whose name was Jones—plain Jones—and said:

"I have never quite got to the bottom of that affair. Old Flip only spoke to me on the subject, and that very sketchily, as we were riding through the park to Copthorn. Do you know the rights of the matter, Fidos Achates?"

"Oh, yes," answered Villiers. "Then tell us the story."

"The drink."

"The drink?"

"The drink?"

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"The drink?"

a miserable pittance of £250 a year in this benighted island.

"Well, one unlucky night the crash came. I should be sorry to say how many thousands melted like snow at one fell swoop. He was ruined—absolutely ruined. He had to sell every stick he possessed, and that done he wrote to his girl and offered her her freedom."

"I suppose from a worldly point of view he was right, and she was right; but, considering all the circumstances, she need not have displayed such alacrity in throwing him over. People say it was at the instigation of her family. At any rate, she married shortly afterward a parvenu with heaps of coin, but if report says true she has lived to regret her folly and her wickedness—I can call it by no other name."

"Well, through the influence of a friend Flip got a billet out here, and here I met him on my arrival, to my intense astonishment. Of course I had heard the outline of his story, but till he told me all I was really ignorant of the details leading to his unhappy smash. Until our meeting here we had not seen each other since the old Oxford days, when we had been fast friends, though he was an exquisite of the 'house' while I was a member of the studios Balliol. Eia, we have both of us changed a deal since then!"

The speaker ceased.

"The devil!" suddenly exclaimed

Jones, starting forward and peering

over the balcony.

No one noticed the noiseless approach

of Flip from the inner room.

"What's up?" drawled Villiers.

"A woman in black just left the

doorway and is crossing the street."

"Pooh, sit down! The beat's been

too much for your never too strong working

brain."

"There! She's standing at the corner

and looking up at us—Vasili!"

"Sair."

"Who just left the house?"

"Me no savvy, sair."

A wave of hot air suddenly swept

with a hollow sound through the room,

like a breath from the angel of death,

then all was doubly still.

"Good heavens! Lili!" gasped Har-

vey, who had now glided to the front

and looked over the balcony.

Before any one could say a word he

was off, down the stairs and out of the

house like a madman.

The dark figure at the street corner

seemed to be beckoning.

"Whew!" whistled Villiers.

Again that stifling blast of air swept

over Limassol. It was followed this time

by a rumble like the faroff roll of heavy

artillery. The grumble swelled to a

roar; the balcony seemed to shiver; the

house awayed like a ship in a storm and

then became steady, just as a deafening

crash of falling masonry roused the still

night into hideous wakefulness. Weird

figures fitted here and there in every

disabling, shrieks of terror mingled

with the hiss of falling rain.

The first shock of surprise over, Vill-

iers and his companions rushed down

and out into the street, the far corner of

which was one vast debris.

Fallen houses blocked the roadway,

and here and there moans issued from

under masses of timber and masonry.

As well as they could Villiers and his

friend allayed the panic and organized

a species of relief party to clear the

wreckage caused by the severe shock of

earthquake, for this it was, and free the

wounded and separate the dead.

Among the latter just as the day was

breaking they lit on the mangled re-

mains of their late comrade, Flip Har-

vey. But hush as they would they could

discover no sign of the veiled stranger.

Months afterward when we had all

gone our different ways and I was fill-

ing another post in Madeira, I received

a letter from Jones inclosing the follow-

ing newspaper clipping:

About 2 a. m. on the morning of Aug. 15,

the private yacht Marie, belonging to Sir

Henry Winter, was driven by a squall of wind

onto a sunken rock while running among

the Ionian islands. She is supposed to have

foundered immediately, and so far no trace of her

crew has been discovered. We regret to add

that Lady Winter was on board.

It was close on that hour when the

earthquake shock was so disastrously

felt at Limassol, and Lady Winter had

been Miss Lily Fane!

I have altered the names in this

strange story, but for the rest—well,

there are more things in heaven and

earth than are dreamed of in our philo-

sophy. The remembrance of these re-

markable incidents has caused me many

a sleepless hour, and I confess my in-

ability to explain them. Let those who

may chance to read the story explain it

if they can.—London World.

A Stupid Burglar.

"As an example of stupidity you could find none better than the manner in which my house was robbed," said an east ender. "When the servants got up, they found all over the house mud tracks, which were remarkable for the size of the foot that made them. They were made by a shoe not smaller than No. 13. Upon trying the dining room door it was found to be locked. After a little searching we found a key to open it. Upon the table were thrown a suit of clothes and a shirt which had evidently been brought from one of the up stairs rooms. Here the fellow had risked going up stairs, had taken a suit of clothes which was new and worth about \$50 and a shirt, then went down to the dining room and locked himself in while he examined his plunder. Now comes the most stupid part. He tore the cuff bands off a \$2.50 shirt to get a pair of collar buttons worth almost nothing, evidently not being able to comprehend that he could remove them more easily by unfastening them. Then he took from the vest pocket a cheap watch, which only kept the time you used in keeping it set, and left the suit, which would have been of use to him. He then left through the window. If I hadn't seen the marks of the feet, I would have thought it the work of a monkey instead of a man."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HENRY OWEN'S STORY.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS AND RESTORATION OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY C. OWEN'S RELATED TO BLADE REPRESENTATIVE.

Most Excruciating Pain Endured—Physician Helpless—A Remarkable and Interesting Narrative.

[FROM THE TOLEDO, O., BLADE.]

During the past few months there have appeared in the newspapers of the country, accounts of marvelous cures from the use of a medicine discovered by Dr. David Kennedy, of Roudout, N. Y., and known as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

These cases, many of them held by the medical profession as incurable, have been so frequently discussed in the newspapers, that it has led to many people using this preparation, and they invariably have had a similar statement to make. Many of these people have been told by their attending physician, that "there was no hope." "recovery was impossible," and a little later, was announced their restoration to health and strength through the use of Favorite Remedy. Recently the following letter from a well known citizen of East Toledo, attracted the attention of the Blade:

"No. 428 Euclid Ave., East Toledo, Dr. David Kennedy, Dear Sir:—I feel it a duty to write you of the benefit your medicine, Favorite Remedy, has been to my wife and myself. I suffered for years with kidney trouble, complicated with gravel in the bladder and gall stones; at times I endured the most excruciating pain, so bad that I would have to be carried home from my business. My physician did not help me in the least; I kept growing worse. Finally Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was brought to my notice, and I used it regularly, following the suggestions found in the book wrapped about the bottle, and in a short time after that I was a well man: have never felt a return of the old troubles since."

My wife who had been a sufferer from sickness peculiar to her sex, found no relief from any medicine she had ever used, until she began the use of Favorite Remedy, and that cured her. I haven't language to express the high esteem in which we hold Favorite Remedy; I have recommended it to dozens of people about here, and in no instance has it failed to benefit and cure.

Yours truly, HENRY C. OWEN.

It is worthy of the fullest investigation, and the Blade determined to place the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, and if unfounded, to let their readers know it. With these instructions a reporter was sent to the residence of Mr. Owen. In response to a ring of the door-bell, a lady appeared who proved to be Mrs. Owen. When the reporter made his mission known, Mrs. Owen said she would gladly tell him about the good Favorite Remedy has been to their family.

"For years Mr. Owen had been the victim of gall stones, complicated with kidney trouble and gravel in the bladder," said Mrs. Owens. "In spite of the efforts of physicians he did not improve in the least. I, too, had suffered for years with sickness peculiar to women, and one day I clipped from a newspaper an article referring to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I told my husband that I thought it would help my trouble, and we immediately bought a bottle I did not take many doses before I noticed improvement, and then I suggested to my husband to try the remedy for his sickness."

He did so, and he felt the effects almost like magic. Mr. Owen continued to use Favorite Remedy until he has become permanently cured." Before going into further detail, it might be well to give in Mr. Owen's own words, a statement as to what it did for him. Mr. Owen, who is a man of about 42 years of age, with hair tinged with gray, was found at work as foreman for the Chesbrough Bros. Lumber Company, and in response to an inquiry as to the merits of Favorite Remedy and the genuineness of the letter published, Mr. Owen said: "I have no language to express the high esteem in which I hold Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I suffered for years with kidney trouble and gall stones; at times I endured pains which seemed almost unbearable. I used various prescriptions, and like everyone who is sick, took everything that my friends suggested. At last my wife told me of the good Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had done her, and I concluded to try it. I used it and it cured me, and there is no mistake about that. I can refer you to many of our neighbors who have used it with the same results. One young man a friend of mine, had been sick for months, and was doctoring with one of these \$5 a week physicians. They did him no good, and I told him about Favorite Remedy. He had paid for a week's treatment, but left them, and followed my directions, I saw him some days afterwards, and he was feeling better and thanked me for my advice."

"Mrs. Owen has a similar story to relate. No human tongue can tell how she suffered, until she commenced to use Favorite Remedy. She had doctoring with several physicians and was about to give up in despair when this me to her relief. I am confident that she

had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, she would have been in her grave to-day."

Mr. Owen has lived in Toledo, and has been the head man at Chesbrough Bros. for years, and is prominently connected with the East Side M. E. Church. In communicating to the reporter in reference to his trouble, Mr. Owen said further that the pain he had was of a boring, burning lacerating character, and radiated through the abdomen and chest. He complained, when ill, of intense nausea accompanying the pain at first, the food being thrown up but presently, after repeated retching, only some mucous acid and watery matter were expelled from his stomach. The action of the heart was feeble, and the circulation was correspondingly depressed. The duration of the seizure varied from a few hours to several days. "I am now," said Mr. Owen, "a perfectly well man; if it had not been for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I don't know what the present condition of Mrs. Owen and myself would have been."

Mr. and Mrs. Owen's friends and neighbors confirm the account of their sickness and their remarkable recovery, and it was also found that there were many other people in their vicinity who had been cured of various ailments by using Favorite Remedy. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is an unfailing specific for Bright's disease, kidney, liver and urinary complaints, rheumatism, gravel, stone in the bladder and headache. It will cure the most obstinate case of constipation. In cases of neuralgia, or painful disease, inflammation of the liver, dyspepsia, skin disease, jaundice, gastritis, loss of appetite, sleepless nervousness or blood diseases, and female irregularities, it has cured, where all else failed.

The chief characteristics of Favorite Remedy is its agreeable quality and mild operation on the liver and bowels, absolute freedom from irritating cathartic action. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy can be purchased of any dealer in medicine at one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and it never fails to cure when the directions are faithfully carried out.—Advt.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Whereas, in the judgment of the Board of Directors of the Bloomfield Brass Foundry Company, a corporation organized under the laws of this State, it has been deemed advisable that the same should be dissolved before the expiration of the time limited in its certificate of organization, and appears by a duly authenticated record of the proceeding of said board of directors of such corporation held in accordance with the provisions of an act entitled "An Act concerning corporations," approved April 1, 1893, and the supplements thereto, relative to the dissolution of corporations, have been fully complied with by the said corporation. Do hereby certify that the Bloomfield Brass Foundry Company did on the twelfth day of February, 1894, file in my office a duly executed and attested certificate of consent to the dissolution of said corporation by two-thirds in interest of all the stockholders thereof, which said certificate of consent, and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file and of record in my said office, as provided by law. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Trenton, this twelfth day of February, A. D., eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

HENRY C. KELSEY,

Secretary of State.

Township Clerk's Notice of Election.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual township election for township officers will be held on Tuesday, April 10, 1894. The Boards of Registry and Election will meet at their respective election districts on Tuesday, April 3, 1894, from 1 to 9 P. M., for the purpose of revising and correcting the registry of voters. The said board will meet and the election be held at the following named places:

1st Ward, 1st District: Schneider's barber shop, 31 Broad Street; 2d Ward, 1st District: Excelsior House, 373 Broad Street; 3d Ward, 1st District: Dodd's Hall, 261 Glenwood Avenue; 3d Ward, 2d District: Active House, 21 Willow Street. The polls will be open on Election Day from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M.

The following named officers are to be voted for: A Commissioner at Large; one Committeeman, 1st Ward; one Committeeman, 2d Ward; one Committeeman, 3d Ward; one Assessor, 1st Ward; one Assessor, 2d Ward; one Assessor, 3d Ward; a Collector of Taxes; a Township Clerk; two Constables; a Justice of the Peace; two Surveyors of the Highways; three Commissioners of Appeal.

Dated BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 9, 1894.

WM. L. JOHNSON,

Township Clerk.

DAY'S,

Ice Cream and Ices,

DELMONICO AND FRENCH CREAMS

A SPECIALTY.

Churches, Fairs and Festivals

Supplied at Lowest Rates.

Bloomfield Centre, Bloomfield, N. J.

Furniture, Pianos, Etc.

Carefully Moved.

Expressage Contractor.

GUSTAV BRUETT,

Best Storage Accommodations in Town.

ALL KINDS OF TEAM WORK.

Horses Boarded by the Month.

No. 9 LINDEN AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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Cloaks.

CHAPTER II:

Millinery.

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NEWARK ---

BEE HIVE

—TO—

THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

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This department has scored its greatest success. The volume of trade far in excess of any former year. Style helped, Assortments helped, Price helped. Everybody is practically requested to see our showing of

ELEGANT CLOTH CAPES.

Lace, ribbon, and moire, silk-trimmed,

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Moire, Bengaline, and Fille Silk Capes

In exclusive styles, patterned after the dressiest of foreign garments that cost three times as much. You'll not regret the time to look them over.....

12.98, 17.98, 24.98, 33.98, 39.98, and up to 75.00.

LADIES' JACKETS.

Tight-fitting, semi-tight-fitting, and loose refter fronts are the styles of greatest present popularity. We could say a great deal of certain assortments we want you to know of, but the importance of our offerings can only be appreciated by seeing them. So come in and see